Shutting Out and In.

I shut the lovely daylight out,
The dying day, that's growing dim—
Two wondrous planets stealing out
Above the roseate evening's rim.

Late darling of the waning year—
My garden, daughter of the spring;
Thy roses bear November's tear,
How long and sweet the joy you bring.

I shut your lingering glory out,
Chrysanthemums, so subtly bright;
My heart's delight, the cypress vines,
With myriad starlings red and white.

I shut you out, I shut you out,
Dear little friends of bud and flower;
You've had your day so long and bright,
Another's is this brief, best hour.

A little sigh. It is so fair,
This world of God, I shut from sight;
Great gift of color, odor, air,
Great gift of life, we prize not quite.

Saturn and Mars, consummate stars,
I slowly turn my eyes from you,
Ye two who, from the vasts afar,
Come close together in the blue,

In awful tryst, embrace, commune,
Then part without a sigh or sound;
With clinging rings and clustering moons,
Move swiftly down the dim profound.

Beloved, ye will meet again,
When we who gaze this eve are dust,
You'll pass upon your heavenly plain,
Caress, embrace, renew your trust.

I shut you out, I shut you out,
Yet bring your priceless lesson in;
To bear me through life's careless rout,
To lift me high o'er death and din.

I shut the starry wonder out,
To sit beside the curtained hearth;
O, inner shrine of heart devout,
No happier spot holds all the earth.

Some splendor from that planet's day—
Some stray beam from that shining plain—
Says *somewhere* on our long, long way,
Beloved, we shall meet again.

—*Mary Clemmer, in the Springfield Republican.*

Health to the Gobbler.

A health! a health! Thanksgiving-day;
Lo! all shall join the chorus:
On silver throne, in brown array,
Behold! he comes before us.
Fill every beaker up with wine,
And don't forget the cobbler;
We'll drink the first-fruits of the vine
To our own Turkey Gobbler.

Who bore the summer's heat and fray
That he might do his duty,
And grew like Jonah's gourd each day?
Our fat old feathered beauty.
Who but the hero of the feast,
Who drank nor wine nor cobbler?
To him we'll drain a bowl at least,
Our grand old Turkey Gobbler.

Fill up! fill up! a fragrance sweet
Is floating o'er the table;
He lived and died that we might eat
As much as we are able.
No selfish clown shall dare to frown;
Lo! be ye king or cobbler,
Fill up the cup and drink it down
To our own Turkey Gobbler.

GRIZZLY DAN.

A Nevada Sketch.

Some repairs were needed to the engine when the train reached Reno, and while most of the passengers were taking a philosopical view of the delay and making themselves as comfortable as possible in the depot, in walked a native. He wasn't a native Indian, nor a native grizzly, but a native Nevadian, and he was rigged out in imperial style. He wore a buckskin coat and cap, buckskin leggins and moccasins, and in his belt was a big knife and two revolvers. There was lightning in his eye, destruction in his walk, and as he sauntered up to the red-hot stove and scattered tobacco juice over it, a dozen passengers looked pale with fear. Among the travelers was a car-painter from Jersey City, and, after surveying the native for a moment, he cooly inquired:

"Aren't you afraid you'll fall down and hurt yourself with those weapons?"

"W—what?" gasped the native, in astonishment.

"I suppose they sell such outfits as you've got on at auction, out here, don't they?" continued the painter.

"W—what d'ye mean—who are ye?" whispered the native as he walked around the stove and put on a terrible look.

"My name is Logwood," was the calm reply, "and I mean that if I were you I'd crawl out of those old duds and put on some decent clothes!"

"Don't talk that way to me, or you won't live a minit!" exclaimed the native, as he hopped around. "Why, you homesick covate, I'm Grizzly Dan, the heaviest Indian fighter in the world! I was the first white man to scout for General Crook! I was the first white man among the Modocs!"

"I don't believe it!" flatly replied the painter. "You look more like the first white man down to the dinner-table!"

The native drew his knife, put it back again, looked around, and then softly asked:

"Stranger, will yer come over behind the ridge and shoot and slash till this thing is settled?"

"You bet I will!" replied the man from Jersey, as he rose up. "Just pace right out, and I'll follow."

Every man in the room jumped to his feet in wild excitement. The native started for the back door, but when he found the car-painter at his heels, with a six-barreled Colt in his hand, he halted and said:

"Friend, come to think of it, I don't want to kill you, and have your widow come on me for damages."

"Go ahead—I'm not a married man," replied the painter.

"But you've got relatives, and I don't want no lawsuits to bother me just as the spring is coming."

"I'm an orphan, without a relative in the world," shouted the Jerseyite.

"Well, the law will make me bury you, and it would be a week's work to dig a grave at this season of a year. I think I'll break a rib or two for you, smash your nose, gouge out your left eye, and let it go at that."

"That suits me to a dot!" said the painter. "Gentlemen, please stand back, and some of you shut the door to the ladies' room."

"I was the first man to attack a grizzly bear with a bowie-knife," remarked the native, as he looked around. "I was the first man to discover silver in Nevada. I made the first scout up Powder River. I was the first man to make huntingskirts out of the skins of Pawnee Indians. I don't want to hurt this man, as he seems kinder sad and down-hearted, but he must apologize to me."

"I won't do it!" cried the painter.

"Gentlemen, I never fight without taking off my coat, and I don't see any nail here to hang it on," said the native.

"I'll hold it—I'll hold it!" shouted a dozen voices in chorus.

"And another thing," softly continued the native, "I never fight in a hot room. I used to do it years ago, but found it was running me into consumption. I always do my fighting out-doors now."

"I'll go out with you, you old rabbit-killer!" exclaimed the painter, who had his coat off.

"That's another deadly insult to be wiped out in blood. I see I must finish you. I never fight around a depot, though; I go out on the prairie, where there is a chance to throw myself."

"Where's your prairie?—lead the way!" howled the crowd.

"It wouldn't do any good," replied the native, as he leaned against the wall. "I always hold a ten-dollar gold piece in my mouth when I fight, and I haven't got any to-day—in fact, I'm dead broke."

"Here's a gold piece," called a tall man, holding up the metal.

"I am a thousand times obleeged," mournfully replied the native, shaking his head. "I never go into a fight without putting red paint on my left ear for luck; and I haven't any red paint by me, and there isn't a bit in Reno."

"Are—you—going—to—fight?" demanded the car-painter, reaching out for the bear-skin cap.

"I took a solemn oath when a boy never to fight without painting my left ear," protested the Indian-killer. "You wouldn't want me to go back on a solemn oath, would you?"

"You're a cabbage, a squash, a pumpkin dressed up in leggins," contemptuously remarked the car-painter, as he put on his coat.

"Yes, he's a great coward," remarked several others, as they turned away.

"I'll give ten dollars for ten drops of red paint!" shrieked the native. "O! why is it that I have no paint for my ear when there is such a good chance to go in and kill?"

A big blacksmith from Illinois took him by the neck and ran him out, and he was seen no more for an hour. Just before the train started, and after all the passengers had taken seats, "first man" was seen on the platform. He had another bowie-knife, and had also a tomahawk in his belt. There was red paint on his left ear, his eyes rolled, and in a terrible voice he called out:

"Where is that man Logwood? Let him come out here, and meet his doom."

"Is that you? Count me in!" replied the car-painter, as he opened a window. He rushed for the door, leaped down, and was pulling off his overcoat again, when the native began to retreat, calling out:

"I'll get my hair cut, and be back here in seventeen seconds; I never fight with long hair; I promised my dying mother not to."

When the train rolled away he was seen flourishing his tomahawk around his head in the wildest manner.—*Exchange.*

THE last sensational suicide in Europe is that of Marie Prieur, a pretty French singer of 25, who ran away from her home at Toulouse with Count Hugo Lamberg, an Austrian cavalry officer. She had acquired a competency and retired from the stage, young as she was; then she was smitten with a passion that the Count failed to reciprocate fully, and when he left her placed his portrait over her heart and with a revolver bullet pierced both.

A HARD WOMAN.

A Thanksgiving Idyl.

Mrs. Arnold—the rich banker's widow—sat alone in her handsome parlor waiting for the bell that was to summon her to her lonely dinner, and as she waited she looked into the glowing coal fire, and conjured up visions of the past, not pleasant or profitable ones, but true, and as they flashed and faded before her some late impulse moved her to speech.

Yes, she had been a hard woman! cold, tyrannical, ambitious—sinning not as others did, nor ever forgiving those who sinned; loving her own ease, her own imperious will, and standing in conscious pride alone on the high plateau of worldly success; she had married young for wealth and position; her husband gave her both, and then wearied of his loveless marriage and went abroad. Three months after the birth of a daughter whom he was never to see he died in a foreign land, and strangers buried him.

His wife paid the utmost respect to his memory, and secluded herself from society with her child, a little, fragile thing, fair as a lily, with a timid, clinging nature, always longing for love that it was afraid to demand. Mrs. Arnold was proud of her child, and loved it in her own way, but she was disappointed in not being the mother of a son who would do and dare great things in the world, instead of this slender, frightened girl, who was a dreamer and a romancer, and of whom she could never make a grand character. Some strain of heroic blood must have wandered in Mrs. Arnold's veins, and it absorbed all the tender essences of her woman's nature.

She was thinking of her daughter as she sat there alone upon this night, when kindred should have met at her hearthstone. It was ten years since she had looked on her face; five since she had sent her letters back to her marked "unread," and since then she had heard nothing. Ten years ago she was 35 years old, still a widow, and very handsome. Disdaining the common mediums of affection and intercourse with her kind, she had constituted herself a sort of Lady Bountiful to poor musicians, authors, and artists, who must have genius and gratitude. She elevated them by her wealth and influence to a pedestal before her, and they were required to bend to worship her, not as a woman, but as a goddess. Such homage did not seem base, for she was a queenly woman.

But she was only a woman, and then came one man to whom her soul at last went out in love, melting the cold barriers of pride in its genial warmth, and flooding her soul with a new, delicious life, so that even her child seemed to her a new revelation of delight. This man was Francis Dare, the artist, and he was the last person to whom any one would have relegated such a position. Gifted, indolent, with a southern beauty of physique, and loving and romantic as a girl, he seemed a mere boy in comparison with Miriam Arnold, though in reality a few years older than she; but who can understand a woman's heart? Miriam loved him with all the repressed affection of her proud nature, and a less obtuse man would have discovered the knowledge. Dare's nature was weak; he had been petted and flattered all his life; he could not at once make up his mind to break from so sweet a bondage. At last he went, and Miriam Arnold's little daughter went with him—almost a child, yet she, too, had watched the handsome artist at work, and her mother had heeded her no more than one of the dolls she lately played with. They were married before they left Washington, the very hour, in fact, they left the house, and Francis Dare had the marriage published in all the papers. He did not intend to bring any contempt on this little girl, who loved and trusted him, and from that hour to this they had never looked on the mother's face.

The blow almost killed her; it was so unexpected, and coming from such a source. But she made no sign to the world. When her daughter tried to reach her she sent her letters back, and that was the end. Francis Dare made no reputation with his pictures, and passed out of sight and mind.

Mrs. Arnold removed to the West, and in the Garden City resumed her queenly sway among the rich and pleasure-loving, beautiful still, but as cold as marble—friends admired her—they dared not love. At home her receptions were elegant, and comprised the elite of the city. Abroad she rode as in a chariot, pale, still with that marble-like countenance that never changed at sight of a child, or a flower; still wearing the black draperies of childless widowhood.

One day her carriage was stopped by a great crowd surging and swaying about a building with closed doors; she knew the place, it was a resort for people who met together to listen to superstitious stories that a few evangelists told, and as the doors were opened at last to the waiting crowd, there floated out to her a strange, sweet fragment of melody, and the words were plain to her:

"Come to me," saith One, "and coming
Be at rest."

She went home, but the words haunted her until she looked them up, and then they seemed like a question of her own answered.

Ah, my heart is heavy laden,
Weary and oppressed;
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming
Be at rest."

There was no rest then, until she went to hear the singer. He was one of the evangelists, and the church in which she found him was free to all. There were no richly cushioned pews, no grand choir, no pealing organ, no sweet incense. She sat between two old women who sang through their noses, and crowded her as if she was one of themselves. Half disgusted, she stayed because she could not get out, and looked about at the great mass of earnest faces that were fixed upon one man. Softly a strain of music touched them, and again that glorious voice sang—

Ah! my heart is heavy laden,
Weary and oppressed;
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming
Be at rest."
Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side.
Is there diadem as monarch
That His brow adorns;
Yes, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns.

Miriam Arnold listened in wonder to the women sobbing about her. They must be weak to be thus led by the fanatics; she threaded her way to her carriage, and resolved never to go to such a place again, and yet the next day she was there, and the next, and the next.

And this was the result sitting there alone: she seemed to see all her lonely unloved past by a new light. "I will do something," she thought, "to make some soul happy before I sleep," and she rang the bell. "To-morrow I will find Lillian if she still lives."

A confidential servant answered her ring. "Janet," said Mrs. Arnold, "do you know any one who is in want to-night?"

"Oh, yes'm, plenty of people who are poor as poverty."

"But I mean some special case of sickness and want; there are plenty of people who will always be poor, no matter what is done for them, but there are others who are deserving."

"Well, ma'am," said Janet slowly, "there's a little girl—oh, such a little mite, and as pretty as a picture, that stops sometimes to look in at the dogs playing in the yard; she's awful poor, but she never begs; I gave her a cake, and she eat it as if she was starved, and one night she was frightened, and I went home with her—they're strangers here, and the mother is sickly-like, and there is a baby."

"And the father?"

"I didn't see him, ma'am; he's a painter by trade, the woman said," answered Janet.

After dinner Mrs. Arnold saw some necessary food placed in a basket, and, taking Janet for a guide, she ordered her coachman to the obscure street where those people lived, and was soon set down at the door of a tumble-down old house fronting the river. Janet led the way in, for it was no common spectacle of want and disorder upon which they looked. Poor and shabby, even dirty, the room was, but there was an unmistakable air of refinement over all, and something more—a tranquil presence that rendered the scene majestic. Upon the table, propped up by pillows, a baby was lying, pure and pale as a snow-drop, and by its side a man sat, painting its portrait. Soft flaxen hair curled and twined about the little thin temples. There was a sweet, peaceful smile about the delicate lips, but they were closed, and no sign of pain would ever distort them; the father was painting a picture of his dead child.

Miriam Arnold stood there as if turned to stone. On a bed in the corner a woman lay, at times sobbing and moaning. The other inmate of the room was a little girl, 8 or 9 years old; she leaned over the artist's chair, talking to him and asking questions.

"Was he sure God had taken the baby to heaven?" "Would it never be sick, or cold, or hungry?" "Why couldn't poor mamma go?"

He answered the questions gently, but there was a tremor in his voice, and once he dashed the tears away as he looked at the pale sweet beauty of his dead baby; his for such a little while longer. Then, when he lifted his head, some one was crossing the room swiftly; there was a cry from the bed, and Mrs. Arnold was holding her child to her heart, never, never to leave it again. They will have a happy Thanksgiving, for the peace which passeth all understanding is theirs, and I am sure neither the father or mother will mourn for the baby in the tender Shepherd's care, and they will be sure to sing the hymn whose influence brought them together again:

"Come to me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest."

Travels of a Needle.

The Louisville *News* says: This morning a young woman named Melissa Shipp, whose residence is in Martin County, Indiana, about eight miles from Shoals, arrived in the city by the O. and M. Road for the purpose of receiving medical advice. About three years ago, while walking across the carpet of her room at her father's residence in her bare feet, she stepped upon a piece of broken needle, which penetrated the hollow of her left foot, sinking deeply into the flesh. Herself and mother made repeated efforts to draw the fragment from the wound, but without success. Finally, a piece of bacon-rind was bound on the punctured part, and in a day or two the pain subsided, and a week later the wound seemed perfectly healed. Miss Shipp continued to go about and attend to her domestic duties for several months after the accident, entirely free from pain. Gradually, however, her ankle began to pain her, and this continued for two or three months, she at times suffering intensely. She supposed, as did her friends, the pain was caused by acute rheumatism, or a sprain, and bathed the part affected in tepid water and soothing liniments After about three months of suffering the pain began to subside, and a month later had entirely ceased. She suffered no more for 15 months, when the acute pain again set in, this time in the knee. For two or three months the same treatment was followed as when the ankle was affected, the young lady, and her parents still supposing the pain was the result of acute rheumatism. Then the pain began to subside, and in three months had entirely disappeared.

For nearly a year Miss Shipp's health was excellent, and she supposed she had entirely recovered from her singular affliction. But she was mistaken. About six weeks ago the pain returned with great acuteness, this time in the hip. Her sufferings at times were intense, and the remedies formerly used seemed wholly without efficacy in her emergency. On Wednesday last, however, the secret of all her sufferings was explained. While adjusting a skirt after arising from bed, she discovered that a small spot near the hip-bone was particularly sensitive, and her mother, being called to examine it, felt the sharp point of something in the flesh and protruding through the inflamed skin. A pair of tweezers was obtained, and the obstruction removed. when it was found to be about half an ordinary-sized needle, so corroded by rust as to be but little thicker than an ordinary horsehair. The fragment had traveled the entire length of the limb, from the center of the foot to the hip-bone.

The young lady suffered very greatly after the needle was withdrawn, and is still a sufferer, and comes to the city to consult a skillful surgeon and seek such relief as medical science can afford. The case is certainly a very remarkable one.

A Very Strange Story.

Two singular incidents, which will furnish nuts to crack to believers in the supernatural, have recently come to light in Englaad in regard to the recent loss of the Avalance in the British Channel. A lad who was a great friend of one of the apprentices who was lost made arrangements to accompany him down the Channel and come ashore with the pilot, but at the last moment before sailing he was seized with such an indefinable and ungovernable misgiving that he declined to go, and thus escaped almost certain death. The apprentice who was lost had a retriever dog who was very fond of him, and which answered to a shrill dog-whistle that he carried. On the night of the shipwreck his mother and aunt were in the kitchen. Between 9 and 10 the ladies were startled by hearing a shrill whistle used by the young man. The dog heard it also, gave the usual recognizing bark, and bounded up stairs where he supposed his master was. The whistle was heard just about the time the Avalanche went down, and it was heard by two credible witnesses, whose testimony was confirmed by the response made to it by the dog of the lost sailor.

A RAILROAD has just been finished between Hiogo and Osaka, Japan, 20 miles long, which cost the Government $175,000 a mile. The line is over a level country, without natural obstacles, and it is estimated that the English firm who built it cleared at least $115,000 a mile. This beats Henry Meiggs's operations by a large figure.

THE religion of Thanksgiving days is a mince piety that does not last.